

SECRET

- 165 -

our Embassy in Moscow yesterday, saying they would receive no further communications from our Governments which did not refer to the German Democratic Republic by its proper name instead of our using terms such as the "Soviet Zone of Germany". There is also great speculation about Mikoyan's contemplated visit to the United States. Topping, the AP correspondent in Berlin, has been badgered lately by members of the Soviet Embassy in East Berlin with all sorts of questions regarding our policy for the city. One of the Soviet Embassy Secretaries told him yesterday it would be a great mistake for the Allied powers to answer the Soviet note before Mikoyan had a chance to talk to the President and Secretary about the Berlin situation.

We left tonight with the children and three dogs for Berlin.

Saturday, December 27, 1948

Arrived in Berlin. Rainy day. Office almost deserted. Had talk there with Hamlett - he and I see eye to eye on the local problems, and on what U. S. policy ought to be - and we hope is - in ^{respect} ~~response~~ to them.

Rebecca Wellington and I motored over to the East Sector - "flying the flag" it is called. Why American Ambassadors sport two flags, a national and a diplomatic one, is unknown to me. So far as I have observed, this is not done by Ambassadors from other

SECRET

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166

countries, and it seems a bit pretentious. East Berlin looked as dreary as ever, and the banal Stalinalee buildings dull as ditch-water. The people are, we are told, healthy and well-fed, but they must be unspeakably bored with their drab lives.

Back on glowing Kurfurstendamm, we stopped at the Hilton to sample the bar, then to lunch at home. Most of the houses in West Berlin are decked out with wreaths, and Christmas trees abound - in the East one saw nothing of the sort.

This afternoon, Cort Schuyler and Ham came to see me. We talked of how to defend our position in Berlin, without engaging in general war except as a last resort. SHAPE has certain ideas, and Cort wants me to talk to Norstad about them. Ham and I are not in favor of mere probing operations on the ground, as has been sometimes suggested. A few rails pulled on the tracks, a couple of bridges blown on the autobahn, would immobilize our military trains and convoys, and make us ridiculous, unless we were prepared to keep the routes open by the employment of substantial forces. Ham and I think, if the Soviets turn over checkpoint control to the GDR, we ought at once to move a souped-up division to Helmestedt, to show we really mean business. As always, one must reckon with the British and the French, who are much less inclined to a tough policy than ourselves, though they have gone along nicely on the change in standing orders.

SECRET

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SECRET

- 167 -

Under certain circumstances, we might have to act unilaterally, in view of our much larger capabilities and the far greater expectations entertained of us by Berliners and West Germans, but I fervently hope we will not have to do so.

Sunday, December 28, 1958

Cold, gray day, darkness at 4:30 p.m. E and I took a long walk this morning. It is always interesting in this suburb to see the variety of architecture, much of it completely modern. It is quite astounding how courageously, one might almost say recklessly, rich and well-to-do Germans have invested in new and expensive houses in this city surrounded by hostile elements.

Mr. Johnston brought out some telegrams from the Embassy - a couple of top secrets requiring me to see the Chancellor upon my return to Bonn, and a long acknowledgment by Foster Dulles, who is in Jamaica, of a recent message from Adenauer.

The big financial operation, of which Monnet has high hopes, is to be officially announced tonight. Apparently, the franc is to be devalued about 19%, and there will be general arrangements in Britain and Europe on convertibility of exchanges.

My own Christmas financial obligations also terminate tonight, with the presentation to our eight local policemen of thirty-two bottles of scotch and gin, and boxes of cigars. Between the servants, gardeners,

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